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EDITORIAL

THE DECADENCE OF DEMOCRACY.

Some years ago, the Democratic party in the United States stood for well known principles and represented certain well defined purposes. It was the party of individualism as opposed to the party of nationalism, and this basic principle was applied with some degree of sincerity at least to current political problems.

Discouraged by defeat, however, the Democratic leaders chose to abandon the only philosophic basis of their political organization, and they became merely a chance combination of political elements brought together solely upon a common dissatisfaction with things as they are, and composed of such utterly discordant elements that it would be quite out of the question for them to agree upon any course of action.

The two "wings" of Democracy positively refused to support the support the same presidential candidate and in swinging from Cleveland to Bryan and from Bryan to Parker, the Democratic party shut out successively elements of the party that were absolutely necessary to party success.

The result of this utter lack of political principle has been to turn every northern and western state over to the Republicans, and the Democracy as a national party at the present day owes its existence wholly to the existence of the solid south upon an issue in nowise connected with national politics.

At the present time some of the Democratic leaders are pointing out that there is no radical difference between the two parties; that Democracy and Republicanism are merely names; and that it is a matter of indifference whether the person to be voted for by the majority of Americans at the next presidential election shall be drawn from the Republican or from the Democratic ranks. If there is any truth in these statements it is because the Democratic party has successively abandoned every distinctive principle for which it ever contended, and because so many Democratic voters have seen the error of their ways and have enrolled themselves in the ranks of triumphant Republicanism that there are not enough genuine Democrats left in the country to make a real national party.

But there is one difference between the Democratic party and the Republican party, which the voters of the country will not be disposed to overlook, however much the Democratic leaders may wish them to do so. The Republican party is the party of success; and the Democratic party is the party of failure. This is the record for fifty years, and upon whatever theory it may be explained the fact will continue to be a tremendous handicap in favor of the Republican candidates and against the Democratic candidates for national offices.

Certainly it is possible that the next Republican convention may place in nomination a candidate for president who is very decidedly inferior to the man whom the Democrats may nominate for that position; and it is possible that the voters of the country may vote for the Democratic candidate in preference to the Republican candidate. But these things are so extremely unlikely that they hardly come within the region of practical politics.

What is practically assured is that the Republican national convention will nominate someone who can be trusted to carry forward the Roosevelt policies, and who will be triumphantly elected by the votes of a united Republican party together with the votes of thousands of Democrats who will find themselves unable to support the Democratic candidate, whether that candidate be chosen from the radical or the conservative extreme or from somewhere along the extensive middle.—Flebo Chieftain.

The little grapes grown in Greece which are sold under the trade name of Zante "currants" in this country, are often used in the kingdom where they are produced to make alcohol for cooking and heating houses.

Giving the Mail a Sendoff.
Over in the little town of Wildcat a negro postmaster each day carries the mail from the post office to the train. Slowly he places the mail pouch on a crane. As the fast train is approaching and the arm on the mail car extends to sweep the bag from midair, the old man shouts: "Hear ye! Hear ye! Hear ye! The honorable mail of these United States is about to go."

Over-Confidence.
When you have played checkers for three nights at a country grocery and beat another three in arguing as to whether the whale swallowed Jonah or not, you naturally feel that you can go out into the world and beat the con man at his own game. It is the self-confidence in one's own abilities that is responsible for half the world's wailing.

Ever Have to Listen to 'Em.
The Conversation (as it sounds)—And I says to him, I says—O, he says—well, if you think, I says—says—then he says he—ho—I—just wait, I says—Sadie says she never—maybe you didn't, I says, but—I know, I says—I don't care what anybody says—if he says so he says I said—he—he—I—I—says—says—says—•••••Puck.

Sugared Apricot Plush.
A startling apparition in apricot plush trousers was observed the other day. The owner was not so sure that he had scored when on his return to his world famous college he found his weight increased by at least two pounds of powdered sugar.—Oxford Varsity.

A New Reformation.
Are we in for a new reformation? Not, himself an evangelical theologian, said long ago that one was necessary and inevitable, and there are features about the present upheaval which remind us curiously of that old one of nine hundred years ago.—Christian World.

Keep Mum.
Women, as women, are pretty much alike. They have the same hair, differing slightly only as to color and length; same features, same thoughts. When we love one of them, therefore, we are in reality loving them all. But it is as well not to mention this.—Life.

"Gloom" Drives Man Away.
Men will not put up with melancholy in women. It should be as natural to a woman to adorn herself with cheerfulness as with ornaments. If she cares at all for the impression she creates, she will no more be melancholy than she will be slovenly.

Capacity of New York Hotels.
On some extraordinary occasions, nearly 3,000 people have been dined simultaneously in the restaurants and banquet halls of the Belmont. At the Hotel Astor, 920 banquets were entertained in one room.

Death and Sleep.
Sleep is an instinctive need for rest; natural death in like manner is manifestation of an instinctive want, and the instinct of death is often seen in very old people, who die as easily and quietly as children fall asleep.—The Hospital.

Monotony.
"A woman should always depend on her husband for advice," said the devoted wife. "Yes," answered the tailor, "but it does grow monotonous not to get any advice except to economize."

Invented Eau de Cologne.
The inventor of eau de cologne was an Italian, Giovanni Farina. Farina offered vainly to sell his recipe for \$1,750 in 1903, but a few years ago it was sold by his heirs for \$200,000.

A Doubtful Bargain.
It cost a Baltimore man \$47.75 to kiss another man's wife. As no picture of her has been printed it is impossible to say whether he got his money's worth or not.

How Times Change.
When a boy is little he sneers at the little girl because she is afraid of the dark. When he grows up he's afraid of the girl.—Somerville Journal.

Russian Farmers Organize.
In Russia there are agricultural organizations of zemstvos, through which large quantities of farming supplies and machinery are produced.

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CLEVER AT IT.



Bronson—Yes, my youngsters are both busy at home making valentines.
Woodson—Ah! That's great deal better than letting them buy the comic atrocities that are sold in the stores.
Bronson—I don't know. You haven't seen the atrocities my boys can make.

NEW IDEA IN ARCHITECTURE.



"People who build their own houses should endeavor to express something of their own personality in the design of the facades."—Extract from a paper read at a meeting of the Architectural Society.

JUST AS GOOD.



Sir Guy—Have you any stuff that will make my sweetheart think I am the whole cheese?
Witch—No; but I have something that will make her think you're a honeysuckle.

GOOD EXCUSE.



Storekeeper—By heck, Hiram, you put your shoes up against the red-hot stove while you were asleep and now you have burned all the soles off.
Hiram—Jakes alive, Jason! Couldn't you smell the burning leather?
Storekeeper—No; you see a city drummer was in here smoking one of those furrin' cigarettes.

QUITE LIKELY



Cholly—Maud tells me I talk like a book.
Stella—A blankbook, I presume.

CONCEIT.



Geraldine—People say that my heart is in the right place.
Gerald—I wonder how they know that I've got it?

INVITING TROUBLE.



Mustang Rube—Is Bill a brave man?
Longhorn Bob—Brave! Say, I saw that man smoke a cigarette before a round-up of cow-punchers.

NOT LIKELY.



"Who owns this store?"
"I don't."

The Imminent Airship.

These are the days when the young aeronauts are seeing visions and the old aeronauts are dreaming dreams. "Human mastery over the air," says Capt. Ferber, the aerostatic expert of the French army, "is virtually achieved. None of the startling achievements of the past, neither steam, electricity, nor the telephone, can compare with what the future now holds in store for us. Not only will the life of individuals be revolutionized, but governments will be compelled to devise, in almost every department, new methods to meet the changed conditions. This change will come with amazing suddenness, and France is taking the precaution to meet it." In this last sentence, says the New York Post, Capt. Ferber doubtless refers in part to the purchase by his government of the flying machine built by the Wright brothers of Dayton, O., and still credited, although their demonstration was secret, with the only sustained flight ever made by a machine not sustained by gas bags. But he evidently has no notion that one inventor or one country will monopolize the devices for successful flight. As soon as one man comes into the open with a machine with which he can sail about practically at will, a dozen others will promptly learn the trick. To-day the world is waiting to learn the art of balancing. It may come, as Capt. Ferber expects, by "a coordinating central mechanism which will permit the operator, with an instinctive touch of the helm, to right his machine when it dips to one side or the other, as the bicyclist to-day maintains his equilibrium by the instinctive inclination of his body." On the other hand, the mere human hand and eye may attain that quickness and dexterity which Lillenthal and Pilcher lost their lives trying to acquire, but which will make possible navigation through atmospheric currents and "blow holes" and whirlpools. The every-day airship trip, at best, is likely to be as hard on the pilot as a run through the Lachine rapids.

There is a wild rumor to the effect that the concertina is to be revived. The concertina was at one time regarded as a musical instrument by certain eccentric persons who professed to enjoy its alleged tones. It was even supposed to give pleasure when played by those who understood its painful limitations, says Cleveland Plain Dealer. The concertina is an instrument that is unimpressed by kind treatment either going or coming. When it is expanded it querulously wails; when it is contracted it plaintively moans. When the concertina is violently agitated it gasps and wheezes. Sometimes it snorts. Just why it should be revived isn't at all clear. It can't be expected to cope with either the automatic piano player or the talking machine.

Capt. Brunswick of the Prinzessin Victoria Luise blew out his brains. Count Boni De Castellane, victim of a far worse shipwreck, didn't. So there you are. The Teuton showed Gallic excitability, the Gaul showed Teutonic phlegm. Possibly the German was a descendant of Gauls who had anciently crossed the Rhine and the Frenchman a descendant of Germans who anciently crossed over into Gaul. But that's not the point, says Boston Transcript. The point is that we make very elaborate fools of ourselves as a rule in our little experiments in racial psychology. It's so easy to speak of a nation in an off-hand, cocksure way, as being volatile or stolid or humorous or some other unpleasant thing. It saves thought.

"Seeing that she was a woman," and that "he did not wish to be hard upon her," a Rangoon magistrate recently fined a Burmese prisoner for being in illicit possession of four balls of opium, \$160, with the alternative of six months' rigorous imprisonment.

Down in central Illinois a woman died on a shopping expedition. She was resigned to go that way, but would have preferred to have lasted to match an improbable piece of cloth with an impossible bit of ribbon.

Germany has ordered a reduction of freights on live stock to try and coax down the prices of meats, which are away out of reach. This seems a good deal like the ostrich with his head in the sand.

There is some advantage in being a shah. The shah of Persia told his doctors that if they disagreed they should all be put to death. They agreed, and consequently the shah is still living.

The idea of the immensity of the new Cunarder Mauritania may be gathered from the length of her cable. This is about 1,900 feet long, and weighs with its shackles 130 tons.

A dog's kisses have given a man hydrophobia. This is not the first time mankind has been driven mad from similar demonstrations of affection.

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